To Train a Mutt

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/41406033.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Charlie Countryman (2013)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter/Nigel (Charlie Countryman)
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Nigel (Charlie Countryman)
Additional Tags:	Dom/sub, Dom Will Graham, Sub Hannibal Lecter, Sub Nigel, Trans Male Character, trans nigel, Vaginal Sex, Vaginal Fingering, Urophilia, Threesome - M/M/M, Bottom Nigel (Charlie Countryman), Top Will Graham, Top Hannibal Lecter, Spitroasting, Cock Warming, deepthroat training, Dirty Talk, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, obviously
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of MurderDogs Adventures
Stats:	Published: 2022-08-31 Words: 2,637 Chapters: 1/1

To Train a Mutt

by Bad_Wolf_Rising

Summary

Nigel blinked as Will forced two of his thick fingers into his mouth, pressing them in all the way down to the third knuckle. Nigel gagged instantly, reaching up to pull Will's hand away, but Will smacked his hands away. Nigel didn't have a strong gag reflex like his brother did.

"How about you shut your dumb little mouth, brat? What's the matter? Can't handle two fingers in your mouth?"

Nigel just never knew when to shut his mouth. It's a long running problem that Will was trying so hard to break.

"Fuck you, you ain't gonna do sh—"

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"How about you shut your dumb little mouth, brat? What's the matter? Can't handle two fingers in your mouth?"

Nigel whined around his fingers. Will's fingers were a constant weight on his tongue. Will forced him to turn his head toward him. With one hand, he gripped Nigel's jaw, squeezing firm to keep his mouth open while he finger fucked his throat. Nigel gagged each and every time those long fingers pressed against the back of his throat.

"No, you're gonna busy that mouth of yours, Nigel, with something other than talking. Dumb mutt, always talking out of line. I'm gonna break you up from that one way or another."

Fuck. It always turned Nigel on to no ends when Will degraded him, calling him a 'dumb mutt' always made him wet. Will wasn't forcing his fingers down his throat now, but they stayed, heavy on his tongue. Cautiously, he started to suck on them. No protest was made. He was being completely ignored for the pleasant tone his brother held. While Hannibal and Will conversed, Nigel squirmed in his seat.

"Sit still, mutt," Will said sharply, pressing his fingers more into Nigel's mouth to make him gag again. "We still have a several hour drive."

"Sir," Hannibal said, looking over at Will once they were at a stop light. "May I have his mouth? Please?"

Nigel sucked harder on Will's fingers in response. Will hummed. "Are you jealous, baby girl?" Will teased, sliding his fingers out of Nigel's mouth, shoving his head towards Hannibal. "Go on, Nigel. Be a good dog and keep his cock warm."

Nigel reached over with one hand, making quick work of Hannibal's belt and trousers. Hannibal was half hard when he pulled his leaking cock out. Hannibal shifted a hand on the steering wheel wheel as Nigel pushed his ass towards Will so he could comfortably settle his head in his twin's lap. He took in as much of his cock as he could without choking himself. His brother groaned above him, running his fingers through his hair. Nigel relaxed at the feeling. Behind him, Will praised him. He rested a hot, heavy hand on his thigh. Will caressed his thigh. It felt like Will was leaving behind a trail of fire—it made him tingle, made his cock throb.

Nigel lazily sucked on the head of Hannibal's cock, slowly working more into his mouth before he stayed in place. Time seemed to pass slowly the longer Nigel stayed there, fingers

in hair, scratching his scalp with soft praises coming from his brother every so often during his conversation with their handler. His eyes fluttered closed. He could tune everything else in the world out, only focused on the cock in his mouth, the soft voices of the other two people in the truck, and the hand stroking his thigh. He felt like he was floating.

“He’s dropped into subspace,” Hannibal murmured with a soft groan as Nigel sucked briefly before he stilled again.

There was no verbal response. Nigel felt a hand slide further up towards the button on his jeans. Nigel whined, coming out of his headspace briefly.

Nigel had yet to tell Will that he was trans. He’d been so careful to keep his secret. Will knew he doesn’t want to be touched—

“Sh, sh, sh. Hush, pup,” Will said. His voice had lost the harsh and rough tone he’d used earlier. It was soft now. “I know that you’re not cis, and I accept and love you either way. I’ve known for a while, now.” Will’s fingers return to stroking his thighs, and Nigel began to squirm. “Please let me touch you, Nigel.”

Nigel felt himself blush. A while, huh? And Will still respected his wishes. His words were genuine. He decided to give in. His cock was throbbing, his hole was dripping, and god did he want to feel those long, nimble fingers inside him. His response was reaching down to open his jeans. Will swatted his hands away and did the rest. Hannibal encouraged him to turn his attention back to his cock, in which he did. Will pulled down both his jeans and boxers. Strong hands spread his thighs.

“Fuck, baby boy, you’re so fucking wet for me,” Will gasped softly.

Nigel whined around Hannibal’s cock as Will slid his fingers through his soaked folds. He was half expecting both fingers inside him when Will brushed against his hole, but no. Only one slipped in. Nigel sighed softly, relaxing and allowing Will to open him up. Felt nice to finally allow Will to fully play with him, to know that despite his anatomy, he was still his baby boy, his good pup, his mouthy little mutt.

A second finger joined in, and a moan came muffled around Hannibal’s cock. Fuck cock warming—Nigel began to bob his head eagerly along Hannibal’s cock, bringing a hand up to stroke what he couldn’t fit in his mouth. If Nigel could have rocked back on his fingers, then he would have, but he’s seen how far it got Hannibal, and it was never very far. Whining, Nigel pulled off Hannibal’s cock, lapping up the heavy amount of precome that leaked from his slit. Will curled his fingers. Nigel’s eyes rolled back, pushing back on instinct.

Behind him, Will chuckled. “Oh that’s the spot right there, isn’t it?”

“Fuck, yes, sir, right there! Please!”

Will proceeded to torment Nigel with a fast and brutal pace, adding a third finger when he felt he was ready to take it. Nigel buried his face in Hannibal’s thigh and sobbed. It felt too good. He was so close. He felt the impending orgasm build.

“Close!” he shouted. “Close—wait I—“

Nigel moans loudly as he came, gripping Hannibal’s pant leg tightly. He heard liquid hit the leather seats, felt it pool underneath him in hot puddles.

“Fucking god, you’re a squirter too?”

Will sounded excited about that. And then those fingers were driving into him against, merciless and brutal and so very, very good.

So good, that by the time they got home, his legs were shaking. Hannibal’s pants were soaked with tears and drool. Nigel looked up at Hannibal.

“Pants are a little wet.”

“Yeah? They’ll be worse soon.”

Hannibal pet his head before sliding out. Before Nigel had the chance to sit up, Will pulled him back by his thighs until his feet touched the ground. Will kicked his feet apart.

“Stay just like that, baby boy.”

Nigel rested his head on the seat, wiggling his ass. “Couldn’t wait until we were inside, sir?”

Will respond by landing a series of hard slaps against his now exposed bare ass. Nigel cried out, trying to reach back and cover his ass, but Will grabbed both of his wrist in one hand, continued to spank him until his ass with a bright shade of red. Nigel knew it was very well earned, smart mouthing Will the way he did to even get him in this situation in the first place.

“Sir, the house keys?” Hannibal says behind them. “I’ve really got to go.”

“No problem. We’ve got our urinal right here,” Will said, grabbing Nigel by his hair and forcing him to turn around and kneel. “Open, mutt,” Will ordered, leaving no room for argument.

Nigel opened his mouth wide. Hannibal rested the head of his cock against his lower lip, sighing in relief as he relieved his full bladder. Nigel gulped down the warm liquid, closing his his lips around the head as the steady stream started to turn into a trickle. He swallowed the last drop. He watched as Hannibal tucked himself back in, fished into Will’s pocket for the house keys, and made his way inside while Will hauled Nigel back up to his feet and bent back over the seat.

Nigel had little say in the proceedings. Pinned to the seat by a heavy hand on his neck, Will slid his cock through his slick fold before he slowly guided himself to his hole. Nigel wanted to push back, wanted to know what it was like to be filled to the brim with his handler. When Will was finally seated fully inside, he felt so full, so eager and greedy to take more. The stretch did hurt—a lot, but it was a pleasant kind of pain, one Nigel wanted more of.

“Fuck me, Sir,” Nigel whined. “I know you’ve been waiting, fuck me, please!”

Will smirked, gripping Nigel's strong shoulders. He slid out nearly all the way, leaving Nigel feeling empty once again. The wet sound made when Will thrust back in was obscene, and fuck, Nigel didn't realize just how wet he was still. Will didn't hold back, fucking into him with a controlled eagerness. Nigel gripped the passenger seat tightly, burying his face in the leather to muffle his moans, least the neighbors hear and decide to investigate. Nails dug into his shoulders, forcing him back into each thrust into him.

Nigel was already sensitive from the thorough fingering he received on the way home. Will's cock felt fucking wonderful, stretching him so full.

"Filthy mutt. So rude to me earlier and now you're begging, desperate for my cock."

"Sir!" Nigel cried out as Will shifted his angle.

"There we go, good boy."

Nigel sobbed, pushing back on Will in time. It wasn't long until he came. Fingers twined in his hair, gripped tightly. Nigel was crying now. They were happy tears. He just felt so fucking good right now. He could feel himself dipping into that hazy space, where there was nothing but him and his Sir breaking him in. He lost track of how many times Will's made him come. All he knows is that his legs are soaked, and he can feel the mess pooling at his feet. The grass is definitely much, much wetter than when he was initially pulled out the truck.

The leather was scratched up, as if a dog had been inside. A salty mix of tears and drool puddled under his cheek. Nigel heard the soft grunts, felt the stuttering of Will's hips, and then he was empty. Will manhandled him to his knees on the ground. He was barely with it when his handler came across his face with the head of his cock pressed against his lips. Will panted, looking down at Nigel, who was so fucked out right now.

After a few minutes, Will spoke. "Open."

Nigel did as he was told. He watched through hazy eyes as Will start to relieve his full bladder. He didn't aim for his mouth, and Nigel wasn't going to chase the pale liquid. He was content to let Will piss on his head. He tilted his head back to allow the stream to his his neck and chest, practically bathing in it.

"Filthy boy, you like when Sir pisses on you?"

"Yes, sir. You're marking your territory."

"Cause you're mine," Will said as he tucked his cock back into his underwear. "And I am far from down with you, mutt."

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"You can take his cock, Nigel, I know you can," came Hannibal's voice, soft against his exposed neck.

A soft whine, muffled by Will's thick cock down his throat, left him. Above him, Nigel could just make out the leash clipped to Hannibal's collar. He watched it slack and then pull taunt,

the signal for Hannibal to thrust into Nigel's lax body hard enough to send him further down on Will's cock. Will made a game of teaching him to take his entire cock. Hannibal's leash was tugged again. Nigel gagged as he took a little more of Will's cock. He felt like he was going to puke and his lips didn't even touch the base yet.

"Fuck him, baby girl," Will said, yanking hard in the leash. "Fuck your brother nice and hard. Make him squirt."

Nigel gasped as he brother growled, grabbing Nigel's slick thighs tightly. They slid up to the back of his knees and pushed his legs as far as he can, which, even in his current state of mind, he wondered how fucking flexible Hannibal thought he was?? They're both nearing fifty; he can't be bent like that anymore—

It dawned on him with the first brutal thrust into him why Hannibal practically folded him in half. The cry that left him as Hannibal thrust in deep sent a shudder down Will. Hannibal slowly pulled out and thrust right back in just as hard and it forced Nigel the rest of the way down Will's cock. Nigel naturally wanted to throw his hands out to push Will away, but his arms were bound to his chest (Will had said something about learning from Hannibal that it's just best to take temptation away). He was forced to take Will's leaking cock.

Hannibal fucked into him, fucked into him just right. Nigel's moans and cries were muffled.

"Ah-ah. None of that," Will chided, resting a heavy hand around Nigel's throat, rolling his hips into his mouth to start. "Not a fucking sound out of you."

Will started to fuck his throat in earnest now. Nigel laid there and took it like the good pup Will expected him to be. It was hard to stay quiet, and it was even harder not to gag. But right when it became too much for, Will pulled out, smeared globs of spit across his face before shoving back in and continuing his brutal pace.

Nigel felt so overwhelmed as he came, soaking Hannibal's suit in the process. Hannibal never quit. He spent the next hour like that, tied and forced to be spit roasted until Will allowed Hannibal to come along his torso and Will came down his throat.

Afterwards, Will praised his boys. Nigel's throat was raw and he was overall over sensitive, but after a bath, dinner, and some cuddle time with Hannibal, Nigel found himself in Will's lap, seated on Will's soft cock with his face buried in his neck. He starting to drift off when Will started to speak softly to him.

"Why didn't you tell me, Nigel?" he asked, combing his fingers through his soft tawny hair.

Nigel flushed, pressing his face more into Will's neck. "I was afraid," he said truthfully. "I was afraid you weren't gonna like me if I told you."

"Darlin, I don't like you. I love you, and I love you for you. I don't care that you don't have a dick. Don't be so dense, pup. Have I really made myself seem like you couldn't tell me something like that?"

Nigel shook his head. "No, sir. I just…I was worried. I didn't want to be seen as a fetish."

“I’m not having sex with you because you’re trans. I am because I own you and that sweet cunt of yours. I already plan to suck that pretty little cock until your legs shake and you can’t take it anymore.”

Nigel groaned, felt the familiar heat in his stomach and himself grow wet. “I’m gonna need you to fucking not. Keep that shit up and I’ll just go cock warm my brother instead.”

Will laughed, squeezing his bare ass. “Go to sleep, grumpy. You’ll be waking up in a clean bed, I promise.”

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